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THE

11763 PPP.36

TAMING

OF THE

S H R E W.

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*By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

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M DCC XXXIV.



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# Dramatis Personæ.

**A** Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.  
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.

*Hoftefs.*

*Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending  
on the Lord.*

*The Persons of the Play it self are,*

Baptista, Father to Katharina and Bianca, very rich.

Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.

Gremio, }  
Hortensio, } Pretenders to Bianca.

Tranio, }  
Bondello, } Servants to Lucentio.

Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.

Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Katharina, the Shrew.

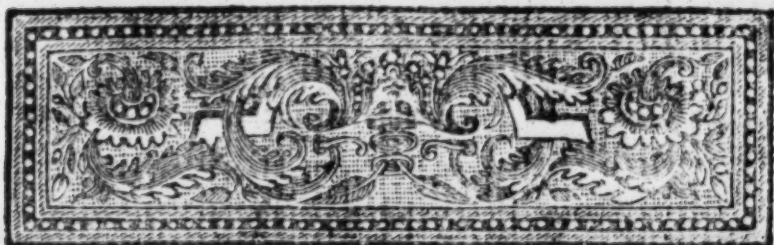
Bianca, her Sister.

Widow.

*Taylor, Haberdashers, with Servants attending  
on Baptista and Petruchio.*

**SCENE**, sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

**T H E**



THE  
TAMING *of the* SHREW.

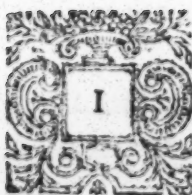
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INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

*Enter Hostess and Sly.*

S L Y.



'L L pheeze you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue.

*Sly.* Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore *paucus pallabris*, let the world slide:

*Sessa.*

*Host.* You will not pay for the Glasses you have burst?

*Sly.* No, not a deniere: go by *S. Jeronimy*, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the  
\* *Third-borough.*

[*Exit.*  
*sly.*

A 3

\* *Third-borough, or Constable.*

## 6 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

### SCENE II.

*Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting with a Train.*

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds.

\* *Brach Merriman*, the poor cur is imboist;  
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd *Brach*.  
Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good  
At the hedge corner in the coldest fault?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*Hun.* Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;  
He cried upon it at the meekest loss,  
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well, and look unto them all,  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*Hun.* I will, my Lord.

*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? see doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord, were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!  
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.  
What think you if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrapt in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
And brave attendants near him when he wakes;  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

\* *Brach*, a hound.

2 *Hun.*

## *The TAMING of the SHREW.* 7

*1 Hum.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

*Lord.* Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy,  
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;  
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.  
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;  
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
And with a low submissive reverence,  
Say, what is it your honour will command?  
Let one attend him with a silver bason  
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers.  
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;  
And say, wil't please your lordship cool your hands?  
Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear;  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his Lady mourns at his disease;  
Perswade him that he hath been lunarick.  
And when he says he's poor, say that he dreams,  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:  
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty.

*1 Hum.* My Lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,  
As he shall think by our true diligence,  
He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him;  
And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Sound Trumpets.*]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.  
Belike some noble gentleman that means,  
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

# 8      *The TAMING of the SHREW*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Servant.*

How now, who is it?

*Ser.* Please your honour, players  
That offer service to your lordship.

*Lord.* Bid them come near:

*Enter Players.*

Now fellows, you are welcome.

*Play.* We thank your honour.

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

*2 Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember,  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well;

I have forgot your name; but sure that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

*Sim.* I think 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.

*Lord.* 'Tis very true, thou didst it excellent:

Well, you are come to me in happy time.

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night;

But I am doubtful of your modesties,

Left over eying of his odd behaviour,

(For yet his honour never heard a play,)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

*Play.* Fear not, my lord, we can contain our selves;  
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

\* *2 Player.* [*to the other.*] Go get a dishclout to make  
clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties.

[*Exit Player.*]

My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a pro-  
perty, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar.

*Lord.*

\* *This speech is added from the old edition.*

## *The TAMING of the SHREW.* 9

*Lord.* Go sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
Let them want nothing that the house affords.

*[Exit one with the players.]*

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,  
And see him drest in all suits like a lady:  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
And call him madam, do him all obeisance.  
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)  
He bear himself with honourable action,  
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
Unto their lords, by them accomplished;  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;  
And say, what is't your honour will command,  
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,  
May shew her duty, and make known her love?  
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,  
And with declining head into his bosom,  
Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd  
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
Who for these seven years hath esteem'd himself  
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:  
And if the boy have not a woman's gift  
To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shift,  
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,  
Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.  
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou can'st,  
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. *[Exit Servant.]*  
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.  
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband,  
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter  
When they do homage to this simple peasant;  
I'll in to counsel them: haply my presence  
May well abate the over-merry spleen,  
Which otherwise would go into extreams.

10 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sly with attendants, some with apparel, basen  
and ewer, and other appurtenances.*

*Sly.* For God's sake a pot of small ale.

*1 Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of  
sack?

*2 Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these  
conserves?

*3 Serv.* What rayment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am *Christophero Sly*, call not me honour, nor  
lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life: and if you  
give me any preserves, give me preserves of beef:  
ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no  
more doublets than backs, no more stockings than  
legs, nor no more shoes than feet, nay sometimes  
more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look  
thro the over-leather.

*Lord.* Heav'n cease this idle humour in your honour.  
O that a mighty man of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit.

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? am not I  
*Christophero Sly*, old *Sly's* son of *Burton-heath*, by  
birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by trans-  
mutation a bearherd, and now by present profession  
a tinker? ask *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wite of *Win-  
cot*, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen  
pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the  
lying'st knave in Christendom. What I am not \* be-  
straught: here's——

*1 Man.* Oh this it is that makes your lady mourn.

*2 Man.* Oh this it is that makes your servants droop.

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun your  
house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,

\* bestraught, distracted.

Call

*The TAMING of the SHREW.* 11

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.  
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck.  
Wilt thou have musick? hark, *Apollo* plays, [*Musick.*  
And twenty caged Nightingales do sing.  
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,  
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed  
On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.  
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the ground:  
Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
Their harnesses studded all with gold and pearl.  
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar  
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt,  
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth,

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are  
as swift

As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee  
strait

*Adonis* painted by a running brook,  
And *Citherea* all in sedges hid,  
Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,  
Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid.  
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny  
wood,  
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;  
And at the sight shall sad *Apollo* weep:  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears that she hath shed for thee,  
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world,  
And yet she is inferior to none.

*Sty.*

## 12 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

*Sly.* Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?  
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?  
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;  
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:  
Upon my life I am a lord indeed,  
And not a tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.  
Well, bring our Lady hither to our sight,  
And once again a pot o'th' smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands.

Oh how we joy to see your wits restor'd,  
Oh that once more you knew but what you are!  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,  
Or when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:  
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh yes, my lord, but very idle words.  
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,  
And rail'd upon the hostess of the house,  
And say you would present her at the Leet,  
Because she bought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:  
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Man.* Why Sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,  
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps of Greece*,  
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now lord be thanked for my good amends.

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* \* By th' mass I think I am a lord indeed.  
What is thy name?

*Man.* *Simon*, an't please your honour.

*Sly.* *Sim*? that's as much as to say *Simeon* or *Simon*;  
put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

SCENE

\* This and the two following speeches added from the old edition.

sp

*The TAMING of the SHREW.* 13

SCENE V.

*Enter Lady with attendants.*

*Sly.* I thank thee, thou wilt not lose by it.

*Lady.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry I fare well, for here is cheer enough,  
Where is my wife?

*Lady.* Here noble lord, what is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?  
My men should call me lord, I am your good man.

*Lady.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,

I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well, what must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* *Alce* madam, or *Joan* madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept above some fifteen years and more.

*Lady.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much. Servants leave me and her alone :  
madam, undress you, and come now to bed. *Sim*,  
drink to her.

*Lady.* Thrice noble lord, let me intreat of you,  
To pardon me yet for a night or two :  
Or if not so, until the sun be set ;  
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,  
In peril to incur your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed ;  
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long ;  
but I would be loath to fall into my dream again : I  
will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the  
blood.

SCENE

14 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

SCENE VI.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

'Are come to play a pleasant comedy;  
For so your doctors hold it very meet,  
Seeing so much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,  
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry I will, let them play, is it not a commodity? a *Christmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

*Lady.* No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff?

*Lady.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't: come, Madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.





The TAMING of the SHREW.

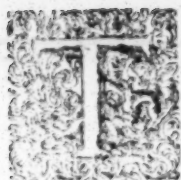
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ACT I. SCENE I.

P A D U A.

*Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.*

L U C E N T I O.



*Tranio*, since for the great desire I had  
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,  
I am arriv'd for fruitful *Lombardy*,  
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*;  
And by my father's love and leave am  
arriv'd

With his good will, and thy good company;  
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,  
Here let us breathe, and happily institute  
A course of learning, and ingenuous studies.  
*Pisa*, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being, and my father first  
A merchant of great traffick through the world;  
*Vincentio's* come of the *Bentivolii*,  
*Vincentio* his son, brought up in *Florence*,  
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:  
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,  
Virtue and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply, that treats of happiness,

By

## 16 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

Tell me thy mind, for I have *Pisa* left,  
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra. Me pardonato*, gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as your self:  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;  
Or, so devote to *Aristotle's* checks  
As *Ovid* be an outcast quite abjur'd.

Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,  
And practise rhetorick in your common talk;  
Musick and poesie use to quicken you,  
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:  
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:  
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc. Gramercies, Tranio*, well dost thou advise;  
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come ashore,  
We could at once put us in readiness,  
And take a lodging fit to entertain  
Such friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget.  
But stay a while, what company is this?

*Tra. Master*, some show to welcome us to town;

### S C E N E II.

*Enter Baptista with Katharina and Bianca, Gremio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,  
Before I have a husband for the elder:  
If either of you both love *Katharina*,  
Because I know you well, and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.*

## The TAMING of the SHREW. 17

*Gre.* To cart her rather. She's too rough for me,  
There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any wife?

*Kath.* I pray you, Sir, is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

*Hor.* Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates  
for you;

Unless you were of gentler milder mould.

*Kath.* I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear,  
I wis it is not half way to her heart:  
But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us.

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord.

*Tra.* Hush, master, here's some good pastime toward,  
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence I do see  
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, *Tranio*.

*Tra.* Well said, master, mum, and gaze your fill,

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in,  
And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Kath.* A pretty pet, it is best put finger in the eye;  
an she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.  
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:  
My books and instruments shall be my company,  
On them to look, and practise by my self.

*Luc.* Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'st hear *Minerva* speak.

*Hor.* Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange?  
Sorry am I that our good-will effects  
*Bianca's* grief.

*Gre.* Why will you mew her up,  
Signior *Baptista*, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:  
Go in, *Bianca*.

And for I know she taketh most delight

In

## 18 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

In musick, instruments, and poetry,  
 School-masters will I keep within my house,  
 Fit to instruct her youth. If you, *Hortensio*,  
 Or Signior *Gremio*, you know any such,  
 Prefer them hither: for to cunning men  
 I will be very kind and liberal,  
 To mine own children, in good bringing up,  
 And so farewell. *Katharina*, you may stay,  
 For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. *[Exit.*

*Kath.* Why, I trust I may go too, may I not?  
 what, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I  
 knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha? *[Exit.*

### SCENE III.

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are  
 so good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not  
 so great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails toge-  
 ther, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's drow on both  
 sides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my sweet  
*Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to  
 teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him  
 to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, Signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray,  
 tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle,  
 know now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we  
 may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be  
 happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love, to labour and effect one  
 thing especially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say a Husband.

*Gre.* I say a Devil. Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, tho'  
 her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to  
 be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, *Gremio*; though it pass your patience and  
 mine to endure her \* loud alarms, why, man, there  
 be good fellows in the world, an a man could light  
 on them, would take her with all her faults, and mo-  
 ny enough.

\* lewd.

*Gre.*

## *The TAMING of the SHREW.* 19

*Gre.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high-crofs every morning.

*Hor.* 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples: come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth freindly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca*! happy man be his dole; he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior *Gremio*?

*Gre.* I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin the wooing that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gre. and Hor. Maxent Tra. and Lucen.*]

### S C E N E IV.

*Tra.* I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible  
That love should on a sudden take such hold?

*Luc.* Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible or likely.  
But see, while idly I stood looking on,  
I found th' effect of love in idleness.  
And now in plainness do confess to thee,  
That art to me as secret and as dear  
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was,  
*Tranio*, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,  
If I atchieve not this young modest girl:  
Counsel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canst;  
Assist me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;  
Affection is not rated from the heart.  
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,  
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

*Luc.* Gramercy, lad; go forward this contents,  
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,  
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.*

## 20 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,  
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her  
sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

*Luc.* *Tranio*, I saw her coral lips to move,  
And with her breath she did perfume the air;  
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

*Tra.* Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance:  
I pray awake, Sir; if you love the maid  
Bend thoughts and wit t'achieve her. Thus it stands:  
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrew'd,  
That till the father rids his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home,  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he!  
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care  
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her?

*Tra.* Ay marry am I, Sir, and now 'tis plotted,

*Luc.* I have it, *Tranio*.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be school-master,  
And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.

*Luc.* It is, may it be done?

*Tra.* Not possible, for who shall bear your part,  
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* son,  
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,  
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

*Luc.* *Basta*, content thee, for I have it full,  
We have not yet been seen in any house,  
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,  
For man or master: then it follows thus.  
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead;

Keep

## The TAMING of the SHREW. 21

Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should,  
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,  
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.  
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : *Tranio*, at once  
Uncase thee : take my colour'd hat and cloak.  
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need.

In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
And I am tied to be obedient,  
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;  
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,)  
Altho' I think 'twas in another sense,  
I am content to be *Lucentio*,  
Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

*Luc.* *Tranio*, be so, because *Lucentio* loves;  
And let me be a slave t'atchieve that maid,  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

*Enter Biondello.*

Here comes the rogue ; Sirrah, where have you been ?

*Bion.* Where have I been ? nay, how now, where  
are you ? master, has my fellow *Tranio* stoll'n your  
cloaths, or you stoll'n his, or both ? pray what's the  
news ?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither : 'tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his :  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd :  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes ;  
While I make way from hence to save my life.  
You understand me ?

*Bion.* Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,  
*Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

*Bion.* The better for him, would I were so too.

*Tra.* So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wish  
after,

## 22 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptista's* youngest daughter. But firrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*; but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

*Luc. Tranio*, let's go: one thing more rests, that thy self execute, to make one among these wooers; if thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*Before Hortensio's House in Padua.*

*Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.*

*Pet.* **V***erona*, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
*Hortensio*; and I trow this is the house.  
Here firrah, *Grumio*, knock I say. \*

*Enter*

\* ——— knock I say.

*Gru.* Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir, That I should knock you here Sir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrellsome:  
I should knock you first,

And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?

Faith, firrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it,  
I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

*Gru.*

## The TAMING of the SHREW. 23

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa benvenuto multo honorato Signior mio Petruchio.\**

And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

Blows

---

Gru. Help, mistress, help, my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah, villain.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend

Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! how do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutti le cose bene trovato* may I say.

Enter, &c.

\* ——— mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in latin. If this be not a lawful case for me to leave his service, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for ought I see, two and thirty, a pip out?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain. Good Hortensio, I bid the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my Heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! spake you not these words plain? sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly? and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience, I am Grumio's pledge: Why this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient trusty pleasant servant Grumio: And tell me now, &c.

## 24 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

Blows you to *Padua here*, from old *Verona*?

*Pet.* Such winds as scatters young men through the world;

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows but in a few.

*Signior Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,

*Antonio* my Father is deceas'd;

And I \* have thrust my self into this maze,

Happly to wive and thrive, as best I may:

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,

And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor. Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?

Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel,

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,

And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* *Signior Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us

Few words suffice; and therefore if you know

One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife;

(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)

Be she as foul as was *Florentius' love*,

As old as *Sybil*, and as curst and shrewd

As *Socrates' Zantippe*, or a worse,

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,

Affection's edge in † me. Were she as rough

As are the swelling *Adriatick* seas,

I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:

If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what

his mind is: why give him gold enough, and marry

him to a puppet, or an ‡ aglet baby, or an old trot

with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many

diseases as two and fifty horses; why nothing comes

amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor. Petruchio*, since we are steep thus far in,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and young and beauteous.

Brought

\* must. † time. ‡ aglet, the tag of a point.

*The TAMING of the SHREW.* 25

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.  
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,  
Is, that she is intolerable curs'd,  
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure,  
That were my state far worser than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet. Hortensio*, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect;

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:  
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is *Baptista Minola*,  
An affable and courteous gentleman;  
Her name is *Katharina Minola*,  
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, tho' I know not her;  
And he knew my deceased father well;  
I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her,  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves, or so: why that's nothing; an he begin once he'll rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

*Her.* Tarry, *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,  
For in *Baptista's* house my treasure is:  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,  
And her with-holds he from me. Other more  
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehears'd,

B

That

## 26 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

That ever *Katharina* will be woo'd;  
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en,  
That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,  
'Till *Katharine* the curs'd have got a husband.

*Gru.* *Katharine* the curs'd,  
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

*Hor.* Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,  
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes  
To old *Baptista* as a school-master  
Well seen in musick, to instruct *Bianca*,  
That so I may by this device, at least,  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her;  
And unsuspected court her by her self.

### SCENE VI.

*Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd.*

*Gri.* Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old  
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!  
Master, look about you: who goes there? ha.

*Hor.* Peace, *Gremio*, 'tis the rival of my love.  
*Petruchio*, stand by awhile.

*Gru.* A proper stripling, and an amorous.

*Gre.* O very well, I have perus'd the note.  
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,  
All books of love, see that, at any hand;  
And see you read no other lectures to her:  
You understand me. Over and beside  
*Signior Baptista's* liberality,  
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,  
And let me have them very well perfum'd,  
For she is sweeter than perfume it self  
To whom they go: what will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,  
As for my patron, stand you so assured;  
As firmly as your self were still in place,  
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

*Gre.* Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

*Gru.* Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is!

*Pet.*

*The TAMING of the SHREW.* 27

*Pet.* Peace, Sirrah.

*Hor.* *Grumio*, mum! God save you, Signior *Gremio*.

*Gre.* And you are well met, Signior *Hortensio*. Trow you whither I am going? to *Baptista Minola*; I promis'd to enquire carefully about a school-master for the fair *Bianca*, and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man: for learning and behaviour fit for her turn, well read in poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman Hath promis'd me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

*Gre.* Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove.

*Hor.* *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love. Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo curs'd *Katharine*, Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well;

*Hortensio*, have you told him all her faults?

*Pet.* I know she is an irksome brawling scold; If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*Gre.* No, sayest me so, friend? what countryman?

*Pet.* Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio's* son; My father's dead, my fortune lives for me, And I do hope, good days, and long, to see.

*Gre.* Oh Sir, such a life with such a wife were strange;

But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name, You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

*Pet.* Will I live?

*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her!

*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?

'Think you a little din can daunt my ears?

## 28 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

' Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
 ' Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
 ' Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?  
 ' Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?  
 ' And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?  
 ' Have I not in a pitched battel heard  
 ' Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?  
 ' And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,  
 ' That gives not half so great a blow to hear,  
 ' As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?  
 Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

*Gru.* For he fears none.

*Gre. Hortensio*, hark:

This gentleman is haply arriv'd,  
 My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

*Hor.* I promis'd we would be contributors,  
 And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe'er.

*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he win her.

*Gru.* I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

### S C E N E VII.

*To them Tranio bravely apparell'd, and Biondello.*

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,  
 tell me, I beseech thee, which is the readiest way to  
 the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters? is't he  
 you mean?

*Tra.* Even he, *Biondello*.

*Gre.* Hark you, Sir, you mean not her to —

*Tra.* Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

*Luc.* Well begun, *Tranio*.

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

*Tra.* And if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

*Gre.* No; if without more words you will get you  
 hence.

*Tra.* Why, Sir, I pray; are not the streets as free  
 For me, as for you?

*Gre.*

*The Taming of the Shrew.* 29

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right; hear me with patience.

*Baptista* is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown,

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair *Leda's* daughter had a thousand wooers,

Then well one more may fair *Bianca* have,

And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,

Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What, this gentleman will out-talk us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a jade:

*Pet.* *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* daughter?

*Tra.* No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As the other is for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, Sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,

And let it be more than *Alcides'* twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,

And will not promise her to any man,

Until the eldest sister first be wed:

The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, Sir, that you are the man

Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest:

And if you break the ice, and do this feat,

Atchieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,

Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:

And since you do profess to be a suitor;

## 30 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

You must, as we do, gratifie this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,  
Please ye, we may contrive this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Grn. Bien.* O excellent motion: fellows, let's be  
gone.

*Her.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so,  
*Retruchio*, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

*Man.* My Lord, you nod, you do not mind the play.

*Sly.* Yea, by St. Ann do I: a good matter surely!  
comes there any more of it?

*Lady.* My Lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly.* 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam-La-  
dy. Would 'twere done!



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Baptista's House in Padua.*

*Enter Katharina and Bianca.*

*Bian.* **G**ood sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your  
self,

To make a bond-maid and a slave of me;  
That I disdain: but for these other goods,  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my self,  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,  
Or what you will command me will I do;  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Kath.* Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell  
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

*Bian,*

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*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all men alive  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Kath.* Minion thou liest; is't not *Hortensio*?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear  
I'll plead for you my self, but you shall have him.

*Kath.* Oh then belike you fancy riches more,  
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do so envy me?  
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive  
You have but jested with me all this while;  
I pry'thee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.

*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

*Enter Baptista.*

*Bap.* Why how now dame, whence grows this insolence?

*Bianca*, stand aside; poor girl, she weeps;  
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.  
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*]

*Bap.* What, in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*]

*Kath.* Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see  
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,  
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,  
And for your love to her lead apes in hell:  
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,  
'Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit Kath.*]

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?  
But who comes here?

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## SCENE II.

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man, Petruchio with Hortensio like a musician, Tranio and Biondello bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good morrow, neighbour *Baptista*.

*Bap.* Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*! God save you gentlemen.

*Pet.* And you, good Sir; pray have you not a daughter call'd *Katharina*, fair and virtuous?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Katharina*.

*Gre.* You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave. I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir; That hearing of her beauty and her wit, Her affability and bashful modesty, Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour, Am bold to shew my self a forward guest Within your house, to make mine eye the witness Of that report, which I so oft have heard. And for an entrance to my entertainment,

[*Presenting Hor.*

I do present you with a man of mine, Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks, To instruct her fully in those sciences, Whereof I know she is not ignorant: Accept of him, or else you do me wrong, His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

*Bap.* Y're welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.

But for my daughter *Katharina*, this I know, She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with her, Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not, I speak but what I find. Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

*Pet.* *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* son, A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

*Bap.*

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*Bap.* I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, *Petruchio* I pray let us that are poor petitioners speak too. *Baccare*, you are marvelvellous forward.

*Pet.* Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing neighbours. This is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness my self, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long studying at *Reims*, [*Presenting Luc.*] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio*, welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks you walk like a stranger, [*To Tranio.*] may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own,  
That being a stranger in this city here,  
Do make my self a suitor to your daughter,  
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous :  
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,  
In the preferment of the eldest sister.  
This liberty is all that I request,  
That upon knowledge of my parentage,  
I may have welcome 'mong the rest that woo,  
And free access and favour as the rest.  
And toward the education of your daughters,  
I here bestow a simple instrument,  
And this small packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.  
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?

*Tra.* Of *Pisa*, Sir, son to *Vincentio*.

*Bap.* A mighty man of *Pisa*; by report  
I know him well you are very welcome, Sir.  
Take you the lut , and you the set of books,

## 34 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

You shall go see your pupils presently.  
Holla, within.

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen  
To my two daughters, and then tell them both  
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.  
We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,  
And so I pray you all to think your selves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
And every day I cannot come to woo.  
You knew my father well, and in him me,  
Left solely Heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd;  
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands;  
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;  
Let specialities be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd;  
That is, her love, for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why that is nothing: for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as the proud-minded.  
And where two raging fires meet together  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury;  
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire in dall:  
So I to her, and so she yields to me,  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed;  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

*Enter Hortensio with his head broke.*

*Bap.* How now my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

*Hor.* For fear I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why then thou canst not break her to the lute?

*Hor.* Why no, for she hath broke the lute to me.  
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
Frets call you them? quoth she: I'll fume with them:  
And with that word she struck me on the head,  
And through the instrument my pate made way,  
And there I stood amazed for a while,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:  
While she did call me rascal, fidler,  
And twangling jack, with twenty such vile terms,  
As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench,  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;  
Oh how I long to have some chat with her!

*Bap.* Well go with me, and be not so discomfited;  
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,  
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;  
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

*Pet.* I pray you do. I will attend her here;

[*Exit Bap.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;

Say

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Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As tho' she bid me stay by her a week;  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banes, and when be married?  
But here she comes, and now *Petruchio* speak.

### SCENE IV.

*Enter Katharina.*

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me *Katharine*, that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,  
And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:  
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in christendom,  
*Kate* of *Kate-hall*, my superdainty *Kate*,  
(For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*  
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation!  
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,  
My self am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you  
hither,

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first  
You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable?

*Kath.* A join'd stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,  
For knowing thee to be but young and light —

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch;  
And

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And yet as heavy as my weight should be. \*

*Pet.*

\* ——— weight should be

*Pet.* Should be! should! buz.

*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* Oh slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come you wasp, i'faith you are too angry.

*Kath.* If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lyes.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

*Kath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue?

*Kath.* Yours if you talk of tails, and so farewell.

*Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

*Kath.* That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*]

*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

*Kath.* So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate? oh put me in thy books.

*Kath.* What is your crest, a coxcomb?

*Pet.* A comble's cock, so Kate will be my hen.

*Kath.* No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

*Pet.* Nay, come Kate; come, you must not look so fower.

*Kath.* It is my fashion when I see a crab.

*Pet.* Why here's no crab, and therefore look not so fower.

*Kath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then shew it me.

*Kath.* Had I a glass I would

*Pet.* What you mean my face?

*Kath.*

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*Pet.* Nay hear you, *Kate*. In sooth you scape not so.

*Kath.* I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle:  
 'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,  
 And now I find report a very liar,  
 For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,  
 But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.  
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,  
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:  
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.  
 Why doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp?  
 Oh slanderous world! *Kate*, like the hazle twig,  
 Is strait, and slender, and as brown in hue  
 As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
 O let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

*Kath.* Go fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever *Dian* so become a grove,  
 As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?  
 O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,  
 And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful.

*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother wit.

*Kath.* A witty mother, witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Kath.* Yes; keep you warm.

*Pet.* Why so I mean, sweet *Katharine*, in thy bed:  
 And therefore setting all this chat aside,  
 Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented  
 That you shall be my wife; your dow'ry 'greed on;  
 And will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
 Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,

For

---

*Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by St. George I am too young for you;

*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Kath.* I care not,

*Pet.* Nay. &c.

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For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,  
Thou must be married to no man but me.  
For I am he am born to tame you *Kate*,  
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,  
Conformable as other household *Kates*;  
Here comes your father; never make denial,  
I must and will have *Katharine* to my wife.

SCENE V.

*Enter Baptista, Gremio and Tranio.*

*Bap.* Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with  
my daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, Sir? how but well?  
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

*Bap.* Why how now daughter *Katharine*, in your  
dumps?

*Kath.* Call you me daughter? now I promise you  
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatick,  
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus; your self and all the world  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;  
If she be curs'd, it is for policy.  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;  
For patience she will prove a second *Grissel*,  
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.  
And to conclude, we've 'gree'd so well together,  
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding day.

*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

*Gre.* Hark: *Petruchio*! she says she'll see thee hang'd  
first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay then, good night  
our part!

*Pet.* Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for my self;  
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis

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'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curs'd in company.  
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe  
How much she loves me; oh the kindest *Kate*!  
She hung about my neck, and kifs on kifs  
She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
That in a twink she won me to her love.  
Oh you are novices; 'tis a world to see,  
How tame (when men and women are alone)  
A † meacock wretch can make the curfeste shrew.  
Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,  
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day;  
Father provide the feast, and bid the guests,  
I will be sure my *Katharine* shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say, but give your hands.  
God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

*Gre. Tra.* Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu,  
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,  
We will have rings and things, and fine array,  
And kifs me *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.  
[*Ex. Petruchio and Katharina.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Gre.* Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?

*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,  
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain, I seek, is quiet in the match.

*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:  
But now, *Baptista*, to your younger daughter,  
Now is the day we long have looked for:  
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

*Tra.* And I am one that love *Bianca* more  
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

*Gre.* Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tra.* Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.*

† meacock or mewcock, an effeminate fellow.

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*Gre.* But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

*Tra.* But youth in ladies eyes that flourisheth.

*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen, I will compound this strife;

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,  
Shall have *Bianca's* love.

Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the cit  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,  
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:  
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapestry;  
In ivory coffers I have stuf't my crowns;  
In cypress chests my arras, counterpanes,  
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,  
Fine linnen, *Turkey* cushions boss'd with pearl.  
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;  
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong  
To house, or house-keeping: then at my farm  
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;  
And all things answerable to this portion.  
My self am struck in years, I must confess,  
And if I die to-morrow this is hers,  
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That *only* came well in. Sir, list to me;  
I am my father's heir, and only son;  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Wi' hin rich *Pisa* walls, as any one  
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
Of fruitful land; all which shall be her jointure.  
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!  
My land amounts not to so much in all;  
That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*  
That now is lying in *Marseilles's* road.  
What, have I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

*Tra.*

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*Tra.* *Gremio*, 'tis known my father hath no less  
Than three great *Argosies*, besides two galliasses,  
And twelve tight gallies; these I will assure her,  
And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay I have offer'd all; I have no more;  
And she can have no more than all I have;  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why then the maid is mine from all the world;  
By your firm promise; *Gremio* is out-vied.

*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best;  
And let your father make her the assurance,  
She is your own, else you must pardon me:  
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die as well as old?

*Bap.* Well gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd:  
On Sunday next you know,

My daughter *Katharine* is to be married;

Now on the Sunday following shall *Bianca*

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.]

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour, Now I fear thee not:  
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all; and in his waining age  
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!

An old *Italian* fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.]

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide,  
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:

'Tis in my head to do my master good:

I see no reason, but suppos'd *Lucentio*

May get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*;

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly

Do get their children: but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [Exit.]

[*Sly* speaks to one of the Servants.]

*Sly.* Sim, when will the fool come again?

*Sim.* Anon, my lord.

*Sly.* Give's some more drink here — where's the tapster?  
here Sim, eat some of these things.

*Sim.*

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*Sim. So I do, my Lord.*

*Sly. Here Sim, I drink to thee.*



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Continues in Padua.*

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

*Luc.* Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

*Hor.* Wrangling pedant, this  
The patroness of heavenly harmony;  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in musick we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much,

*Luc.* Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd:  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies, or his usual past?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
I'll not be tied to hours, nor pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please my self;  
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down,  
Take you your instrument, play you the while,  
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*Hortensio retires.*]

*Luc.*

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Luc. That will be never : tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, Madam : *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,*

*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing. *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [Returning.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.  
How fiery and how froward is our pedant!  
Now for my life that knave doth court my love;  
*Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust,

Luc. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*  
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master, else I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:  
But let it rest. Now *Licio* to you:

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while,  
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,  
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor.

*The TAMING of the SHREW.* 45.

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art,  
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;  
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio*.

*Bian.* [reading] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all *ec*  
cord,

*Are*, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion,

*Bmi*, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,

*Cfaut*, that loves with all affection,

*D sol re*, one cliff, but two notes have I,

*Elami*, show pity or I die.

Call you this *Gamut*? tut, I like it not;  
Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice  
To change true rules for new inventions.

*Enter a Servant.*

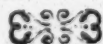
*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your  
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewel sweet masters both; I must be gone.  
[Exit.]

*Luc.* Faith mistress, then I have no cause to stay.  
[Exit.]

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant:  
Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:  
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble,  
To cast thy wandring eyes on every stale,  
Seize thee who list; if once I find thee ranging,  
*Hortensio* will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.]



S C E N E

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SCENE II.

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharine, Lucentio, Bianca, and attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day  
That *Kath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be married;  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?  
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

*Kath.* No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be  
forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:  
And to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage;  
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;  
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
Now must the world point at poor *Katharine*,  
And say, lo there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,  
If it would please him come and marry her.

*Tra.* Patience good *Katharine*, and *Baptista* too;  
Upon my life *Petruchio* means but well,  
What ever fortune stays him from his word.  
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Kath.* Would *Katharine* had never seen him tho'!

[*Exit weeping.*]

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;  
For such an injury would vex a saint,  
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

SCENE

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## SCENE III.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Master, Master; old news, and such news as you never heard of.

*Bap.* It is new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio's* coming?

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why no, Sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But say, what to thine old news?

*Bion.* ' Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an  
' old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair  
' of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled,  
' another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the  
' town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless,  
' with two broken points; his horse hip'd with an old  
' mothty saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides  
' possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine,  
' troubled with the lampasse, infected with the fashions,  
' full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yel-  
' lows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the stag-  
' gers, begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and  
' shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-  
' check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which be-  
' ing restrain'd to keep him from stumbling hath been of-  
' ten burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six  
' times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which  
' hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs,  
' and here and there piec'd with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* ' Oh Sir, his lackey, for all the world capa-  
' rison'd like the horse, with a linnen stock on one  
' leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd  
' with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour  
' of

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' of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a christian footboy, or gentleman's lackey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

*Bion.* Why Sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that *Petruchio* came?

*Bap.* Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

*Bion.* No, Sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny  
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.*

*Pet.* Come where be these gallants? who is at home?

*Bap.* You're welcome, Sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely bride?  
How does my father? gentles, methinks you frown:  
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day:  
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
Now sadder that you come so unprovided.  
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

*Tra.* And tell us what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike your self?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,

Tho'

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Tho' in some part enforced to digress,  
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.  
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;  
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes;  
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

*Pet.* Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I could change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.  
But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss? [Exit]

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire:  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

*Tra.* But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be  
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn)  
And he shall be *Vincentio of Pisa*,  
And make assurance here in *Padua*  
Of greater sums than I have promised:  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow school-master  
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good methinks to steal our marriage;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,  
I'll keep my own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business:

C

1  
We'l

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We'll over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,  
The narrow-prying father *Minola*,  
The quaint musician amorous *Licio*;  
All for my master's sake *Lucentio*.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Gremio.*

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

*Gre.* A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Crufter than she? why 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam!

*Gre.* Tut she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:  
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*, when the priest

Should ask if *Katharine* should be his wife?

Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud,

That all amaz'd the priest let fall the book;

And as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

*Tra.* What said the wench, when he rose up again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and  
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if

H'd been aboard carowzing to his mates

After a storm; quaff off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other cause, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took

The bride about the neck, and kist her lips

With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting

All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,

Came thence for very shame; and after me

I know the rout is coming:

Such

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Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick plays.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Hortensio,  
and Baptista.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;  
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;  
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come.  
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,  
You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
And honest company, I thank you all,  
That have beheld me give away my self  
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us intreat you stay till after dinner.

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me intreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Kath.* Let me intreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Kath.* Are you content to stay?

*Pet.* I am content you shall intreat me stay;  
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet. Grumio,* my horses.

*Gru.* Ay, Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten  
the horses.

*Kath.* Nay then

Do what thou canst, I will not go to day;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please my self:  
The door is open, Sir, there lies your way,  
You may be jogging while your boots are green.  
For me, I'll not go, 'till I please my self:  
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

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That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O *Kate* content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.

*Kath.* I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry Sir, now it begins to work.

*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer;

Carowse full measure to her maiden-head;

Be mad and merry, or go hang your selves;

But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.

Nay look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine own;

She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her who ever dare;

I'll bring my action on the proudest he,

That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,

Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man:

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate*;

I'll buckler thee against a million. [*Exe. Pet. and Kath.*]

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like.

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

*Bian.* That being mad her self, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bridegroom want

For to supply the places at the table;

You know there wants no junkets at the feast:

*Lucentio*, you supply the bridegroom's place,

And let *Bianca* take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

*Bap.* [She shall, *Lucentio*: gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt*]

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Petruchio's Country House.*

*Enter Grumio.*

*Gr.* FIE, fie on all tired jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways! was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raide? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire shall warm my self; for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, ho, *Curtis!*

*Enter Curtis.*

*Curt.* Who is it that calls so coldly?

*Gr.* A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio*?

*Gr.* Oh ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gr.* She was, good *Curtis*, before the frost; but thou know'st winter tames man, woman and beast, for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my self, fellow *Curtis*.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.

*Gr.* Am I but three inches? why thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

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*Curt.* I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

*Gru.* Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

*Gru.* Why therefore fire; for I have caught extrem cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

*Curt.* All ready: and therefore I pray thee what news?

*Gru.* First, know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and there by hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gru.* There.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *imprimis* we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

*Curt.* Both on one horse?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou should'st have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because

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cause her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

*Curt.* By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

*Grn.* Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugerfop*, and the rest: let their heads be sleeky comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'sie with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Grn.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

*Grn.* Why she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

*Grn.* Thou it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Enter four or five Serving:men.*

*Grn.* Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Nat.* Welcome home, *Grumio*.

*Phil.* How now, *Grumio*?

*Jos.* What, *Grumio*!

*Nich.* Fellow *Grumio*!

*Nath.* How now, old lad.

*Grn.* Welcome you; how now you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nat.* All things are ready; how near is our master?

*Grn.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—cock's passion, silence, I hear my master.

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S C E N E II.

*Enter Petruchio and Kate.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? what, no man at door  
to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? where is  
*Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*

*All Serv.* Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

*Pet.* Here Sir, here Sir, here Sir, here Sir?  
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms:  
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*Gru.* Here Sir, as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You pleasant swain, you whoreson, malt-horse  
drudge,

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along the rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* *Nathaniel's* coat, Sir, was not fully made:  
And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel:  
There was no link to colour *Peter's* hat,  
And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine, but *Adam, Ralph,* and *Gregory,*  
The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,  
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go and fetch my supper in. [*Ex. Serv.*]  
Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those? ——— sit down *Kate,*  
And welcome. Soud, foud, foud, foud.

*Enter Servants with supper.*

Why when I say? nay, good sweet *Kate* be merry.  
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when I  
[*Sings.*

*It was the fryar of orders grey,  
As he forth walked on his way.*

Out, out, you rogue, you pluck my foot awry.  
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, *Kate*: some water here; what ho.

*Enter one with water.*

Where's my spaniel *Troilus*? sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid my cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:  
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.  
Where

*The TAMING of the SHREW.* 57.

Where are my slippers? shall I have some water?

Come Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:

You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

*Kath.* Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flat-ear'd knave:

Come Kate, sit down, I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What's this, mutton?

*I Ser.* Yes.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Ser. I.*

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these! where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

*[Throws the Meat, &c. about the stage.]*

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*Kath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet,

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it:

For it engenders choler, planteth anger,

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

Since of our selves, our selves are cholerick,

'Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh:

Be patient, for to-morrow't shall be mended,

And for this Night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

*[Exe.]*

*Enter Servants severally.*

*Nath.* Peter, didst ever see the like?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Gru.* Where is he?

*Enter Curtis, a Servant.*

*Cur.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,

And rails, and swears, and rates; and the poor soul

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away, for he's coming hither.

*[Exeunt.]*

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## SCENE III.

*Enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politickly begun my reign,  
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully:  
 My faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty,  
 And till she stoop she must not be full gorg'd,  
 For then she never looks upon her lure.  
 Another way I have to man my haggard,  
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call:  
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,  
 That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.  
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat.  
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not:  
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
 I'll find about the making of the bed.  
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
 This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;  
 Ay, and amid this hurly I'll pretend  
 That all is done in reverend care of her,  
 And in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
 And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,  
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,  
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
 Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. [Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Katharina and Grumio.*

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

*Kath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?  
 Beggars that come unto my father's door,  
 Upon intreaty, have a present alms;  
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
 But I, who never knew how to intreat,  
 Nor never needed that I should intreat,  
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;  
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;  
And

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And that which spights me more than all these wants,  
He does it under name of perfect love:

As who would say, if I should sleep or eat  
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death:

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Grm.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Kath.* 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

*Grm.* I fear it is too flegmatick a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

*Kath.* I like it well; good *Grumio* fetch it me.

*Grm.* I cannot tell, I fear it's cholerick:

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Grm.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Kath.* Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Grm.* Nay then I will not; you shall have the mustard,  
Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

*Kath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Grm.* Why then the mustard without the beef.

*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
[beats him]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery.

Go, get thee gone, I say.

### S C E N E V.

*Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.*

*Pet.* How fares my *Kate*? what, sweeting, all amorst?

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?

*Kath.* 'Faith as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me;  
Here love, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat my self, and bring it thee:

I'm sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'st it not:

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here take away the dish.

*Kath.* I pray you let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And

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And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, Sir.

*Hor.* Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:  
Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me,  
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;

*Kate*, eat apace. And now my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,

With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.

What, hast thou din'd? the taylor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his \*rustling treasure.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Taylor.*

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why this was moulded on a porringer,  
A velvet dish: fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
And not 'till then.

*Hor.* That will not be in haste.

*Kath.* Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,  
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe,  
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;  
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
Or else my heart concealing it will break:  
And rather than it shall, I will be free,  
Even to the utmost as I please in words.

\*rustling.

*Pet.*

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*Pet.* Why thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap,  
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pie,  
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

*Kath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,  
And I will have it, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown? why ay; come taylor, let us see't.  
O mercy heav'n, what masking stuff is here?  
What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;  
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:  
Why what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

*Her.* I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

*Tay.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion of the time.

*Pet.* Marry and did: but if you be remembred,  
I did not bid you marr it to the time.  
Go hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:  
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

*Kath.* I never saw a better fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:  
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Per.* Why true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

*Tay.* She says your worship means to make a puppet  
of her.

*Pet.* Oh most monstrous arrogance!  
Thou lye'st, thou thread, thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant.  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,  
As thou shall think on prating whilst thou liv'st:  
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tay.* Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction.

*Grumio* gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

*Tay.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gru.* Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

*Tay.*

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*Tay.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast fac'd many things.

*Tay.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men, brave not me, I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou liest.

*Tay.* Why here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's throat if he say I said so.

*Tay.* *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tay.* With a small compact cape.

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tay.* With a trunk sleeve.

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tay.* The sleeves curiously cut.

*Pet.* Ay there's the villany.

*Gru.* Error i'th' bill, Sir, error i'th' bill: I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tay.* This is true, that I say, an I had thee in place where, thou shou'dst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i'th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for; Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use? Oh fie, fie, fie.

*Pet.* *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the taylor paid. Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.*

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*Hor.* Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.  
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:  
Away I say, commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tayl.*]

*Pet.* Well come my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,  
Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;  
For 'tis the mind that that makes the body rich.  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What; is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;  
And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,  
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go call my men, and let us straight to him,  
And bring our horses unto *Long-lane* end,  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.  
Let's see. I think 'tis now some seven a-clock,  
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Kath.* I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;  
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse:  
Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
You are still crossing it; Sirs, let't alone,  
I will not go to-day, and ere I do,  
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why so: this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt Pet. Kath. and Hor.*]

*Lord.* Who's within there? Sly sleeps.

Enter Servants.

'Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his  
own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any  
case.

*Serv.* It shall be done, my lord: come help to bear him  
hence. [*They bear off Sly.*]

ACT

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*P A D U A.*

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

*Tra.* 'Tis possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*  
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?  
I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Hor.* To satisfy you, Sir, in what I said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

*Enter Bianca and Lucentio.*

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

*Bian.* What master read you first, resolve me that?

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the art of love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, Sir, master of your art.

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

*Hor.* Quick proceeders! marry! now tell me I pray,  
you that durst swear that your mistress *Bianca* lov'd  
none in the world so well as *Lucentio*.

*Tra.* O despightful love, unconstant womankind!  
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a God of such a cullion;  
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

*Tra.* Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard  
Of your true affection to *Bianca*;  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you, if you be so contented,  
Forswear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

*Hor.* See how they kiss and court. Signior *Lucentio*,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her

As

## The TAMING of the SHREW. 65

As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,  
Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.  
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn her,  
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.  
And so farewell, Signior *Lucentio*.  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit *Hor.*]

*Tra.* Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,  
As longeth to a lover's blessed case:  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,  
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

*Bian.* *Tranio*, you jest: but have you both forsworn  
me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of *Licio*.

*Tra.* I'faith he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy.

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, *Tranio*.

*Tra.* 'Faith he's gone unto the taming school.

*Bian.* The taming school? what, is there such a  
place?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master,  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue;

### S C E N E II.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,  
That I'm dog weary; but at last I spied  
An ancient angel going down the hill  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, *Biondello*?

*Bion.*

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*Bion.* Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant;  
I know not what; but formal in apparel;  
In gate and countenance, surely like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, *Tranio*?

*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,  
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*,  
As if he were the right *Vincentio*:  
Take me your love, and then let me alone.

[*Ex. Luc. & Bion.*

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, Sir.

*Tra.* And you, Sir; you are welcome:  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;  
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;  
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?

*Ped.* Of *Mantua*.

*Tra.* Of *Mantua*, Sir? God forbid;  
And come to *Padua*, careless of your Life?  
*Ped.* My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.  
*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*

To come to *Padua*; know you not the cause?  
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke  
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:  
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Pet.* Alas Sir, it is worse for me than so;  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

*Tra.* Well, Sir, to do you courtesie,  
This will I do, and this will I advise you;  
First tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*?

*Ped.* Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been;  
*Pisa* renowned for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, Sir; and sooth to say,

In

## *The TAMING of the SHREW.* 67

In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

[*Aside.*]

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake;  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
That you are like to *Sir Vincentio*:  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be lodg'd:  
Look that you take upon you as you should.  
You understand me, Sir: so shall you stay  
'Till you have done your business in the city.  
If this be court'sie, Sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* Oh, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me to make the matter good:  
This by the way I let you understand,  
My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance of a dowre in marriage  
'Twixt me and one *Baptista's* daughter here:  
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:  
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you,

[*Exeunt*]

---

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.*

*Tra.* **S**irs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

*Ped.* Ay what else, and (but I be deceiv'd,)  
*Signior Baptista* may remember me  
Near twenty Years ago in *Genoa*.

*Tra.* Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*:  
'Tis well, and hold your own in any case  
With such austerity as longeth to a father.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Ped.* I warrant you: but Sir, here comes your boy;  
'Twere good he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him; firrah *Biondello*,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:  
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*,

*Bion.*

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*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

*Bion.* I told him that your Father was in *Venice*,  
And that you look'd for him in *Padua*.

*Tra.* Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink,  
Here comes *Baptista*; let your countenance, Sir.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*

*Tra.* Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:  
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;  
I pray you stand, good father, to me now,  
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son. Sir, by your leave, having come  
to *Padua*

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself:  
And for the good report I hear of you,  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
And she to him; to stay him not too long,  
I am content in a good father's care  
To have him match'd, and if you please to like  
No worse than I, Sir, upon some agreement,  
Me shall you find most ready and most willing  
With one consent to have her so bestowed:  
For curious I cannot be with you,  
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.  
Your plainness and your shortness please me well:  
Right true it is, your Son *Lucentio* here  
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;  
And therefore if you say no more than this,  
That like a father you will deal with him,  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dow'ry,  
The Match is made, and all is done,  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know best  
Be we ffield, and such assurance ta'en,  
As shall wth either part's agreement stand

*Bap.*

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*Bap.* Not in my house, *Lucentio*, for you know Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants ; Besides, old *Gremio* is hearkning still, And haply then we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir ; There doth my father lye ; and there this night We'll pass the business privately and well : Send for your daughter by your servant here. My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently. The worst is this, that at so slender warning You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well, Go, *Cambio*, hie thee home, And bid *Bianca* make her ready straight : And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here ; *Lucentio's* father is arriv'd in *Padua*, And how she's like to be *Lucentio's* wife.

*Luc.* I pray the gods she may with all my heart. [*Ex.*]

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

*Enter Peter.*

Signior *Baptista*, shall I lead the way ?  
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer.  
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

*Bap.* I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*Enter Lucentio and Biondello.*

*Bion.* *Cambio.*

*Luc.* What say'st thou, *Biondello* ?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon you.

*Luc.* *Biondello*, what of that ?

*Bion.* 'Faith nothing ; but has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee moralize them.

*Bion.* Then thus. *Baptista* is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him ?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

*Luc.* And then ?

*Bion.* The old priest at *St. Luke's* church is at your command at all hours.

*Luc.*

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*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take your assurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*; to th' church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

*Luc.* Hear'st thou, *Biondello*?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may you, Sir, and so adieu, Sir; my master hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke's*, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.]

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt her? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. [Exit.]

## S C E N E VI.

*The Street before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensio.*

*Pet.* Come on a god's name, once more tow'rd our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

*Kath.* The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Kath.* I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now by my mother's son, and that's my self;  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house:  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.  
Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost!

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;  
And if you please to call it a rush candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Kath.*

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*Kath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay then you lye; it is the blessed sun.

*Kath.* Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun.

But sun it is not, when you say it is not,  
And the moon changes even as your mind.  
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,  
And so it shall be for *Katharine*.

*Hor. Petruchio*, go thy way, the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl should run  
And not unluckily against the bias :  
But soft, some company is coming here.

### SCENE VII.

*Enter Vincentio.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away? (*To Vin;*  
Tell me sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman :  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks ;  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heav'nly face ?  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :  
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Hor.* He will make the man mad, to make a woman  
of him.

\* *Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and  
sweet,

Whither

---

\* *In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakespear, tho' the rest of the play is far inferior.*

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,  
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful  
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks  
Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth——  
——Sweet *Katharine*, this lovely woman——

*Kath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline  
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird ;  
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,

Whither

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Whither away, or where is thy abode ?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;  
Happier the man whom favourable stars  
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow.

*Pet.* Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad !

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaken eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun  
That every thing I look on seemeth green.  
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father :  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsir, and withal make known  
Which way thou travellest ; if along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair Sir, and you my merry mistress,  
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me :  
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,  
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit  
A Son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name ?

*Vin.* *Lucentio*, gentle Sir.

*Pet.* Happily met, the happier for thy son ;  
And now by law as well as reverend age,  
I may intitle thee my loving father :  
The sister of my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;  
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,

And

---

Within whose eyes she makes her dawning beams,  
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.  
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,  
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town  
Unhabitable as the burning zone,  
With sweet reflexions of thy lovely face.

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And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is:

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof,  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Hor.* Well *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.  
Have to my widow, and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*]

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S C E N E VIII.

*Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca; Gremio*  
*walking on one side.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, Sir, for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need  
thee at home, therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the Church o' your back,  
and then come back to my mistress as soon as I can.  
[*Exit.*]

*Gre.* I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio and*  
*Grumio, with Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* house,  
My father's bears more towards the market-place,  
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

*Vin.* You shall not chafe but drink before you go,  
I think I shall command your welcome here;  
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*Knock.*]

*Gre.* They're busie within, you were best knock  
louder.

[*Pet. looks out of the window*

D

*Pet.*

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*Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

*Ped.* He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to your self, he shall need none as long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was belov'd in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir, to leave frivolous circumstances I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest, his father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, Sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* Why how now, gentleman! why this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen some body in this city under my countenance.

### S C E N E IX.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old master *Vincentio*? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*]

*Bion.* I hope I may chuse, Sir.

*Vin.* Come hither you rogue; what have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you? no Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father *Vincentio*?

*Bion.* What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry Sir, see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.*

## *The TAMING of the SHREW.* 75

*Vin.* Is't so indeed?

[*He beats Biondello.*]

*Bion.* Help, help, help, here's a mad-man will murder me.

*Ped.* Help, son, help Signior *Baptista*.

*Pet.* Pry'thee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversie.

*Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, Sir, nay, what are you, Sir? oh immortal Gods! oh fine vill-in, a silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a \* copatain hat: oh I am undone, I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the university.

*Tra.* How now, what's the matter?

[*Bap.* What, is this man lunatick?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father! oh villain, he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

*Ped.* Away, away mad afs, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

*Vin.* *Lucentio*! oh he hath murdered his master; lay hold of him I charge you in the Duke's name; oh my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forth-coming.

*Vin.* Carry me to jail?

D 2

*Gre,*

\* copped, or pointed.

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*Gre.* Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear this is the right *Vincentio*.

*Ped.* Swear if thou dar'st.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard, to the jail with him.

*Enter Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monstrous villain!

*Bion.* Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Ex. Biondello, Tranio and Pedant.*]

SCENE X.

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father.

[*Kneeling.*]

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son?

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.

*Bap.* How hast thou offended? where is *Lucentio*?

*Luc.* Here's *Lucentio*, right son to the right *Vincentio*,  
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine;  
While counterfeit supposers bleer'd thine eyes.

*Gre.* Here's packing with a witness to deceive us all.

*Vin.* Where is that damn'd villain *Tranio*,  
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

*Bian.* *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love  
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,  
While he did bear my countenance in the town:  
And happily I have arriv'd at last  
Unto the wish'd haven of my bliss;  
What *Tranio* did, my self enforc'd him to;

Then

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Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the jail.

*Bap.* But do you hear, Sir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

*Vin.* Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. [*Exit.*

*Bap.* And I to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

*Gre.* My cake is dough, but I'll among the rest,  
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

*Kath.* Husband let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kifs me, *Kate*, and we will.

*Kath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou asham'd of me?

*Kath.* No, Sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kifs.

*Pet.* Why then let's home again: come sirrah, let's away.

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kifs; now pray thee love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well? come, my sweet *Kate*;  
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.* \*  
SCENE

---

\* ——— too late. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* *Baptista*, *Vincentio*, *Gremio*, *Pedant*, *Lucentio*,  
*Bianca*, *Tranio*, *Biondello*, *Petruchio*, *Katharina*,  
*Grumio*, *Hortensio* and widow, *Tranio's* servants  
bringing in a banquet.

*Luc.* At last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;  
And time it is when raging war is done,  
To smile at scapes and perils over-blown.  
My fair *Bianca*, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine;  
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katharine*,  
And thou *Hortensio*, with thy loving widow;

Feast

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SCENE XI.

*Lucentio's house in Padua.*

*Enter Baptista, Petruchio, Hortensio, Lucentio,  
and the rest.*

*Bap.* Now in good sadness, son *Petruchio*,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance,  
Let's each one send unto his wife, and he  
Whose wife is most obedient to come first,  
When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

*Hor.*

---

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,  
My banquet is to close our stomachs up  
After our great good cheer: pray you sit down,  
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

*Bap.* *Padua* affords this kindness, son *Petruchio*;

*Pet.* *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes I would that word were  
true.

*Pet.* Now for my life *Hortensio* fears his widow.

*Hor.* Then never trust me if I be afraid:

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my  
sense:

I mean *Hortensio* is afraid of you.

*Wid.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly replied.

*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceives by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?

*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*Pet.* Very well mended, kiss him for that, good  
widow.

*Kath.*

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*Hor.* Content, what wager ?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.*

---

*Kath.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round——

I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your husband being troubled with a shrew,  
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe ;  
And now you know my meaning.

*Kath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I mean you.

*Kath.* And I am mean indeed, respecting you.'

*Pet.* To her, *Kate*.

*Hor.* To her, widow.

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my *Kate* do put her down.

*Hor.* That's my office.

*Pet.* Spoke like an officer ; ha, to thee lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

*Bap.* How likes *Gremio* these quick-witted folks ?

*Grem.* Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

*Bian.* Head and butt ? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep  
again.

*Pet.* Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have  
begun :

Have at you for a better jest or two.

*Bian.* Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush,  
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all. [*Exe. Bianca, Kath. and Widow.*]

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. Here Signior *Traho*,  
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not,  
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* Oh Sir, *Lucentio* slip'd me like his gray hound,  
Which

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*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match, 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin?

*Luc.* That will I.

Go *Biondello*, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go.

[*Exit.*

*Bap.* Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self.

*Re-enter Biondello.*

How now, what news?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and cannot come.

*Pet.* How? she's busy, and cannot come: is that an  
answer?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope better.

*Hor.* Sirrah *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come  
to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*

*Pet.* Oh ho! intreat her! nay then she needs must  
come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, Sir, do what you can,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift simile, but something curriish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your self:

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.

*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?

*Pet.* He has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

SCENE XI. *etc.*

*Enter*

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*Enter Biondello.*

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?

*Bion.* She says you have some goodly jest in hand,  
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse, she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd:

Sirrah *Grumio*, go to your mistress,

Say I command her to come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

### SCENE XII.

*Enter Katharina.*

*Bapt.* Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Katharine*.

*Kath.* What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and *Hortensio's* wife?

*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands;  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*]

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
And awful rule, and right supremacy;  
And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*;  
The wager thou hast won, and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*End*

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*Enter Katharina, Bianca and Widow.*

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion:

*Katharine*, that cap of yours becomes you not,  
Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.

*[She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]*

*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

*Bian.* Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too:  
The wisdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,  
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

*Bian.* The more fool you for laying on my duty.

*Pet.* *Katharine*, I charge ye tell these headstrong  
women,

What duty they owe to their lords and husbands.

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking, we will have  
no telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say she shall, and first begin with her.

*Kath.* Fie, fie, unkni that threatening unkind brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will dain to sip, or touch a drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee  
And for thy maintenance: commits his body  
To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such

*The TAMING of the SHREW.* 83

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:  
And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sower,  
And not obedient to his honest will;  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?  
I am asham'd that women are so simple,  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you're froward and unable worms;  
My heart is great, my reason haply more,  
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;  
But now I see our launces are but straws,  
Our strength is weak, our weakness past compare,  
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.\*

*Enter*

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\* ——— indeed least are:

Then vale your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss me;

*Kate.*

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing when women are froward,

*Pet.* Come, *Kate*, we'll to-bed,

We two are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white,  
And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Ex. Petruchio and Kath.*]

*Hor.* Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst  
shrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be  
tam'd so.

*Enter*

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*Enter two servants bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leave him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.*

*Sly awaking.]* Sim, give's some more wine——what, all the players gone? am not I a lord?

*Tap.* A lord with a murrain! come, art thou drunk still?

*Sly.* Who's this? *Tapster!* oh I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

*Tap.* Yea marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will course you for dreaming here all night.

*Sly.* Will she? I know how to tame a shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.

F I N I S.



